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[Castle of Badajoz.

CASTLE OF BADAJOZ.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Our engraving represents the Castle of Badajoz in Spain, which, during the Peninsular War in 1812, was the scene of one of the most memorable sieges recorded in history. It was at that time occupied by the French. Lord Wellington, after having invested the town for some time, and made a breach in the wall, considered it to be assaulted. The French, in anticipation of the assault, had filled up the breach with a strong frame-work studded with sword blades. When the English advanced to the assault this breach, muskets of every description were poured on them, and so destructive was the fire of the French, that scarcely a man of the assailants reached the top of the breach. One or two succeeded, and endeavored to crawl under the frame-work; but the French, nothing daunted, fell upon them with the butts of their muskets. Wood was brought to Wellington at the bottom of the breach, in the form of ladders, but the fire of the French on the breast-work so great was the loss of his men that he is said to have shed tears. The town would not probably have been taken, but a party sent to its rear, happily found a spot where they were able to scale the walls undetected under the French soldiers and fell upon the defenders of the breach, many of which they bayoneted, while others, terrified at the sight, threw down their arms and surrendered. The town was now in the hands of the British, and was given up to the sack of infernal revelry, drunkenness, and outrages on its inhabitants, the English officers in vain trying to restrain their men, who permitted them. The loss of the English army on this assault is said to have been 5000 men.

The Castle of Badajoz was dismantled, and still remains, as the engraving shows, in that condition.

Original Tales.

THE DOCTOR'S BILL.

A Story of Real Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. M. A. CHANDLER.

"It a very cold to night, mother," said a young girl, whose dress betokened extreme poverty.

"Yes, my child," answered her mother with a shiver, as she closed the door, "but we must bear it; we have but little wood, and we contrive to protect us from the wintry blast, but food is more vital to us, and more uncertain.

Mother, do you never think it strange that God should afflict me with sickness, when I am so young and stripping us of all our earthly blessings?

Hush, my lame, let not my daughter question the acts of her Heavenly Father. Doubtless he has some good purpose in view in thus afflicting us. His ways are not as our ways.

Oh, mother, you are all that is beautiful here, as in such fortitude and the many happy hours which we have spent in it, and contrast our present scene. Now, with what I feel, I can say, 'Blessed be the Providence'—and the daughter wept.

Hope in the Lord, Anna, he will relieve us," replied the mother, trying to soothe the feelings of her heart.

Mrs. Melville was the widow of one who had formerly been an extensive merchant in the city of Baltimore, but having made several unfortunate speculations, he became involved and failed in trade. With his family he retired to a small and comfortable house, plainly and neatly furnished. Mrs. Melville and her daughter Anna, the latter about 16 years of age, took in fine sewing, while Mr. Melville was engaged as clerk in a store at a salary which, though small, was supposed, by economy, they had four children, two boys and two girls.

Mr. Melville's health began to fail, and he found under the weight of his misfortune, and soon he was confined to his bed. During his protracted illness Mrs. Melville spent her time in attending to her husband, and obliged to sell part of her furniture in order to defray his funeral expenses. Then came the doctor's bill. To meet this Mrs. Melville was obliged to sell but one table, half a dozen chairs, a few articles of culinary use and some crockery of the most common kind.

"You will have to wait for the money, Doctor," said Mrs. Melville with a sigh, "but with God's assistance I will pay you all."

Dr. Ridgely was a young man of tender feelings. He had a wife and two children, whose wants he ever he looked upon that family, more surrounded with everything to make them happy, now so destitute, he scarcely credited what he perused; there his bill again.

"Certainly, madam," said he, "you shall have your own time to pay it in."

Thank you, Dr.—may God bless you, exclaimed Mrs. Melville.

The words sprang to the eyes of the young physician, and he hastened away, but he could not leave Anna Melville, and she was not one whom once became forgotten. He had been there more than once before, but never in especial upon her account, and he found himself experiencing new feelings, which he could not account for. Anna was beautiful in the extreme, and possessed a transparent fairness of complexion, which, with her delicate features, to be rarely forgotten. It had been years since the failure of her father, and she was now seventeen years old. She still had the same style of beauty as when we first introduces the reader to her acquaintance, but in her's was heightened by the addition of her mind, and it was that, that so much beautiful in her character.

"What a pity," thought Dr. Ridgely, after musing himself in his office, "that such a be stood forever shaded gone in obscurity. And her mother what intelligence is there!"

A day or two after that, as Anna was taking a bundle of work home, she met Dr. Ridgely in the street. She involuntarily blushed as she saw his eyes seeking upon her bashful.

"Good morning, Miss Anna," he said kindly. "how is your mother this morning?"

"Tolerably well, thank you," said she, bowing and passed on.

"You got," said Dr. Ridgely, "she feels the difference between our circumstances. What if I should love her in security more than I suppose I now to offer her my hand and heart? But I don't know that she would listen to my proposal? She has a noble spirit, and might not be willing to be a portionless bride. Yet stay, would she be portionless? No, the love of such a girl as Anna Melville, would be a sufficient portion. I will try and win her,"—and he did win her for, after a few struggles between love and pride, she consented to become his bride.

It was a short time after their engagement, as they were sitting together, when Anna said

"Charles, what will the world say of Dr. Ridgely —the rich and admired Dr. Ridgely—when they find out that he has married a portionless girl?

Anna, dear, do not use the word portionless. The riches of your heart and mind are not to be compared to the paltry trash of this world's goods. I care not what the world may say, neither do I care for the wealth I possess, but as it will enable me to provide for you and to ameliorate the condition of your unfortunate mother.

Oh, Charles, where could I find—

But he playfully laid his hand on her mouth and would not let her finish the sentence.

The much afterwards they were privately married. Yet, "God still knows" some of my readers may say. Yes, he does, but there was then a cheerful fire blazing on the hearth, and closer, full confidence existed between them.

As their engagement had been kept a profound secret, the fashionable riffle in which Dr. Ridgely figured, knew nothing of the marriage until it was consummated. The morning after the ceremony, a lady relayed a splendidly furnished parlor, where were replied the most rich of fare of her acquaintance.

Have you heard the news? she breathlessly exclaimed.

No, what is it? they exclaimed.

Dr. Charles Ridgely was married last night.

Dr. Ridgely! To whom? they cried in a breath.

Ah, that is what I cannot find out! He came in Anna Melville, but who she is I cannot tell.

Yes, said another—it must be she. I wonder how, he did have a daughter, whom they called Anna. What in the name of wonder, possessed Dr. Ridgely to marry her?

After conversing upon this subject a short time they separated, each to repeat the story they had heard.

Have you received an invitation to Dr. Ridgely's party? asked the same lady a few days after, to her intimate friend.

Oh, yes, they say it is to be a grand affair, and Mary Ainslee has called on the bride and says she is very pretty.

Well I suppose she must be to captivate such a man as Dr. Ridgely.

The night of the entertainment arrived; the parlors of the young physician's house were crowded with the elite of the city. Dr. Ridgely led forward Anna Ridgely above the brightest star amongst them all. The elder had acquired a perfect ease of manner, and her beauty was greatly heightened by the rich and fashionable gazed on her with rapture.

How did you worry yourself last evening, Miss Ainslee? said Dr. Ridgely to Emma Hewitt the morning after the party.

Exceedingly—and is not the bride a lovely woman?

Indeed she is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen—and so modest and retiring. How will be a happy fit.

The doctor pleased so ingenuity they say that Dr. Ridgely married a poor girl, whose mother was some-said she, with her children, became members of his family; he sends the children to the best schools, and supports the mother in the most elegant manner.

The union thus formed was one of unclouded felicity.

But I must tell you, dear Anna, that God was merciful to said Mrs. Melville to her daughter, some weeks after her marriage.

Yes, my dear mother—and He is merciful much more so than we deserve; may he give us thankful hearts, replied the happy wife.

Mrs. Ridgely did not forget the days of her poverty, but in her, she discussed and afforded a friend and counsel helper and friend.

Some years after Anna's marriage her mother married a widow with a fortune, a distant relative, which made her independent.

Are you, dear mother, said she smiling, I can pay the doctor a bill?

Never mind, dear mother, he said smiling, you can give that to some other person to pay for you.

Many years did Mrs. Melville live to enjoy her daughter's happiness—and she was yonder who died, commendably settled in the world.

Union, Mercer county, Pa.

Original Poetry.

THE LAST OF APRIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. H. HUMPSTEAD.

Days of the vernal showers!
With your sweet-flowing words and tangling skies,
Now do ye prophesy the woods and summer bowers
With all bright embryo dyes.

Upon the southern gale
Floats a vernal incense ever all the earth,
And up from lawns, mountain, brook and vale,
Ascends a sound of mirth.

On such an April day,
I love to wander forth among the hills,
Far from the city and its paving-stone,
And listen to the rills.

And catch the falling sound
Of waterfalls, as they come dashing down,
Coming like music, though the air produced,
To the sephyr's light and free.

Where all is hushed and calm,
Save the faint murmur of the hickering stream,
And warble of the lone bird through groves of balm,
Pass o'er me like a dream.

Upon some mountain side—
Where a king-bird sends its silver bell,
With blithed and glad swell.

Where I may plainly trace
Each meandering mile of the faded year,
All cast up at the ending of the various place
This lonely now and next

Yet not alone I stand,
I hear a sound as of the distant sea,
And the young tendrils of the mountain grass
Lift up their heads to me.

The tender brake and fern,
Now thickly pierce the leaf-strewn earth around,
And sweet, and calm, and pure is nature's scene,
Maude the silent ground

Where gentle beauty grows
Where gentle beauty grows
Nods to the breeze that hits her modest crest,
Or answers a love-note to the brow of day,
To linger with them long

And on their breezy lay,
I hear a sound of far-off southern waves,
All sweetly flowing to some planey bay,
Where I would be

Bringing light, gentle sounds
From shells of ocean and fickle breezes now,
Caught under a thousand high and airy mounds,
As all crowned they flow

Where gentle beauty grows
Load with undying sweets each bounding breeze,
And the perpetual tenderly and sweet
Far o'er the shining seas.

A garland for the brow,
Of early wildwood flowers—fair fine that flag
A glory round our paths, sweet April, thou!
Fair daughter of the Spring.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES

Of the Old World.

NUMBER FIFTY.

DEPARTURE FROM LEGHORN—LUCA—THE LEANING TOWER—THE DEVOUT—THE BAPTISTERY—CAMPO SANTO—NIGHT JOURNEY WITH A VETTURINO—ARRIVAL AT FLORENCE.

Florence, September 1, 1845.

We have been already more than a day in this glorious capital and I am now comfortably seated in my room at the Hotel de l'Amerique, fronting by the Piazza del Granduca, on the north side of the Arno. We have as yet seen but little of the city, but that little has been sufficient to convince us that it must be one of the most beautiful places of residence in the world. However, I will say no more on this subject, as you will soon have something more but in the meantime tell how we left Leghorn.

The going down to the wharf at Leghorn, in the morning, to us three days ago, I found the aspect of things quite engaging to shore from the steamboat. After we had shaken off the crowd of porters, pedlars and vetturinos, and taken a hasty breakfast at the Café Americano, we went to the Police office to get our passports, and had the satisfaction of paying two francs for permission to proceed to Florence. The weather had changed since the preceding day, and the sunrise-mist which blows over from the coast of Africa, filled the air with a chill which made it very unpleasant to walk. The clear blue sky had vanished, a leaden cloud hung over the Mediterranean and the mountains of Corsica and the rocky isles of Gorgona and Capraja from sight, and there being no indication of a speedy change, we hurried through the dust toward the city gate.

Here there was another examination to be gone through with, our passports were inspected, torn up and a leaden seal attached to them, but on arriving at the railroad station, a few steps further, they were again looked at, and we were then allowed to proceed. The country between Leghorn and Pisa is level, and the road, which runs through it, is macadamized, and a public square—came out on the Arno—and crossed and entered the city again—and finally stopped at a hotel. I was about to enter the "Buona" came down on us endless to receive us and we shut the growing dusts out of our house to treat that repast from the City of Pisa, but we did not given.

E. P.

E. P. A St. Louis paper tells a story of a countryman widower, who, on seeing the remains of his late wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed with tears in his eyes:—Well, I've had corns before I never had any thing cut me up like that!

E. P. There are many old bachelors in fact, who are no more so at least than every man is married in a Christian.

Revolutionary Story.

THE CAPTURE.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

The following is a chapter of Mr. Paulding's new novel, The Old Continental, and gives a complete picture of the horrors of the revolutionary war. The scene, as will presume, is laid in the neutral ground, between the lines of the English and American armies, in West Chester Co., N. Y.

Previous to opening the campaign, it was desirable, if possible to gain precise information of the state of affairs in New York, the probable time the enemy would be in motion, and the course he would pursue. For this purpose a small detachment was placed under the command of the captain, with instructions to approach York Island, under cover of night, and if possible cross over unperceived by the British lines, who might perhaps communicate the desired information. John was one of the party selected, and evening, just about dusk, they proceeded on their critical and important mission. The distance was too great to be reached that night, and setting out about daylight at Hoagry Hollow, the captain determined to halt in this sequestered spot until evening, assured that here they would be safe from all observation. But an unexpected accident occurred, except that John suggested to the captain the propriety of his riding over to see the old people at the stone house, and ascertain a sharp representation for his pains.

The troop was to approach Kingsbridge in the dead of night, beat up some outpost, and carry off one or more prisoners. The evening came in gloomy and dark, for the day being deeply overcast with clouds and cautiously pursuing their way by a back road, some miles from the river they at length approached the bridge, which at this time, formed the only communication from the island to the mainland. Here the captain halted his troop, and detached once more the plan of operations, and commanding that no one should utter a word, on pain of the severest punishment, proceeded cautiously forward, until he caught a view of the glimmering at the guard-house on the south end of the bridge The darkness of the night had increased with its progress, and the silence of death reigned all around, save the grinding of the horses feet in the sandy road that led to the point of destination. Arriving at the spot where the road made a sudden turn round a ledge of high rocks, within a short distance of the bridge, the party halted, with the exception of one to whom the horses were given in charge, and with directions to push on the word, at a given signal, towards the bridge, for the purpose of rescuing his comrades, and any prisoners they might have the good fortune to secure. This done, the captain proceeded cautiously to reconnoitre the premises.

We have said there was a guard-house at the south end of the bridge, in which glimmered a light by the aid of which was seen a sentinel pacing back and forth, very slow and sleepy pace. Surrounded by the ends that gave on the bank of the river, the guard-house was completely insulated, and the sentinel by their guard a lodgement under the bridge, where they listened with breathless interest, but heard nothing but the hollow lashing of the waves against the abutments, and the solemn sound of the sentinel's tramp, which, though close at hand, was muffled by the planks

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☞ Mr. LEWIS JONES is our Agent for Petersburg, Va., in place of Mr. A. A. Bourdon, resigned. will c

SUBSCRIBERS IN ILLINOIS.

Mr. E. T. Jamieson, recommended by C. W. Janson our agent, is a collecting tour in Illinois, and will wait upon those of our subscribers in arrears. We hope they may be prepared for his coming. Mr. Jones will be accompanied by Mr. O. W. Beaver, who is also an assistant of Mr. Janson, and will devote his time to procuring subscribers to the "*Post*." We ask for these a hearty welcome.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The foreign news not only fills a large space in our paper this week, but is of far more importance than usual. There is Italy, with the Austrian Question, yet what there is has an unfavorable aspect. The British have been virtually defeated in Ireland, the Sikhs having re-commenced the battle, and entrenched themselves on the British side, and in front of the bridge by which they crossed. The fact and have been called to attack a position in face of an English army, looks as if these new enemies were the most formidable Great Britain has ever yet encountered in the East.

The news also brings intelligence of another revolt in Poland; but we do not think the same physical conviction which has attended every former effort of this gallant people for the recovery of their rights, will be evinced once again, and the conquest entrenched in the blood of the best and bravest of the land. Poor, unhappy Poland! Perhaps no nation has ever been so much splendor, or fallen to such utter ruin, within the Christian era, as this once powerful and generous kingdom. The sympathies of this country should ever be alive to all that relates to Poland, for, of all the great empires of Europe, it approached nearest to the United States in the freedom of its citizens and the republican character of its institutions.

From Lemberg into Galicia Poland was, perhaps, the most powerful State on the continent of Europe. Descended from the ancient Sarmatians, and posted on the confines of Christian civilization, and swept for centuries a series of brave and bloody wars against the barbarians of Asia. Long before many of the modern European States had risen in existence, Poland was a great and mighty republic, whose boundaries stretched from the Empire to the Baltic, and were washed by the waters of the Danube and Boysthenes alike. Within her gigantic limits were once enclosed Moravia, Bohemia, Bolemia, the Ukraine, Livonia, and a large portion of what is now Russia. She was at different times the bulwark of European civilization against the Tatar hordes of the desert, and the fierce followers of the prophet. Her citizens were the noblest race of freemen that ever Europe beheld. Long after the surrounding nations had sunk under the dynasty of a race of hereditary kings, and lost all voice in government, the Poles were accustomed to elect, in general diet on the great plain of Warsaw to elect a king, to legislate for the country. To this day the present citizens had a right to come, and his voice was as potential as that of the greatest noble. A hundred thousand of men, each armed and on his own war horse, were sometimes to be seen at these diets; and when their shout arose at the announcement of the election, it might well seem to justify the proud boast of one of their orders, "that if the heaven was to fall, they would support it on the points of their lances."

Though nominally a monarchy, Poland in reality was a republic. The King was a President under another name. He was elective like our own Chief Magistrate. He had no right to make war or peace, did not possess the command of the national forces, and could do nothing without the advice of the diet of the realm. When Henry of Anjou, subsequently King of France, was elected to the throne of Poland, so different did he find the office from what he had expected, that he exclaimed, "By my faith! these Poles have made me no thing but a pope." Their doctrine was that every citizen was equal. Originally the great offices of state were only held for life, and it was not till a little period that their waywodes and palatinates became hereditary, and an order of nobility grew up among them. Their sense of freedom was acute, and worthy of so great a people. They were accustomed to say of their own houses, and wander over the country with your arms in your hands, rather than submit to the smallest infringement on your liberties." Though now surrounded over every nation of Europe and America, the Poles still preserve their nationality and character for liberty quite alike in the polished capital of France, and in the vast prairies of our far West, secretly nourish the hope of victory and the third for immortal vengeance.

Their exposed condition on the frontier of Europe kept them in constant warfare with the Asiatic tribes, of which the growing States of Germany barely took advantage, until Bohemia, Mecklenburg, Moravia, Silesia, Pomerania and Brandenburg moved away from their grasp. Civil dissensions also assisted in the dismemberment of the empire. Yet, less than two centuries ago, Poland was still strong enough to save Austria from Turkish conquest, and roll back, for the first time in their histories, the tide of Moslem conquest. It was the eminent John Sobieski, who, with his Polish cavalry, defeated three hundred thousand Turks under the walls of Vienna, and by raising the siege of that capital, saved Europe from a general invasion. Our hundred years afterwards Austria repaid the debt of gratitude by joining in the first partition of Poland; when, torn by internecine divisions, she fell an easy prey to the powerful and rapacious nations that encompassed her on those sides. The abortive attempt under Kosciusko in 1792 to restore her to her ancient liberties led to a second and more despotic partition of her territory; while the suppression of the gallant, but desperate struggle for liberty under and what was left of personal freedom to her citizens, and made them homeless wanderers over the world.

The present camp is we fear, as hopeless as the preceding one. In the meantime, what can be done by a few thousand undisciplined men against the vast levies and practised soldiers that will be brought against them? Once more will her villages be laid desolate, her household hearths be made the avenues of brutal violence, and her gal lant sons be slaughtered, or driven, as exiles, over the hopeless exile. As in the last desperate revolt, neither England nor France will prepare their security by any interference. Alone, and in spite of all that she has done for Europe, Poland will be left to her fate. It was well her patriotic cry for help, in every capital of that continent, whose interests centuries, she saved from Asiatic invasion! As it was in 1792, so it was in 1830, and so it will be now.

"All Europe heard her dying shriek,
She answered to the call;
The American what he values best,
And wept wanderlessly;
The Frenchmen shouted in his ears!
While England—answered not the less—
Was hurtling with Gaul!
Gaul! did her right and honor reign,
How they would long to war again!

Yet we cannot but believe that there is a retributive Providence, who will, sooner or later, avenge the memories of Poland, and break her oppressors in pieces, in the strong language of scripture, as with rods of iron. Justice though it may seem to sleep, never dies. As sure as there is a Heaven above, a time is coming when Poland will be avenged! Yet with the prophet we may exclaim, "How long oh! Lord, how long!"

MINDING ONE'S BUSINESS.

Gossiping is said to be an evil of small towns; but for our part, and have generally passed, even in large cities. The disposition of people who find their own business, and let that of their neighbors' neighbors' concerns. Some of folks appear, indeed, as if the whole purpose of their existence was to find out other people's business, and make so much stir about it a day with their tongues as an honest man will take a week to rip. These consummate busybodies are about, prying into the affairs of their acquaintance like tax-gatherers taking an inventory of one's goods, disturbing everything they hear, sometimes from malice, sometimes from sheer forgetfulness, but always painfully and wofully to the parties concerned. We know people of this kind, who never tell anything as they hear it; yet who would be exceedingly indignant at being accused of falsehood.

These busied folks ought to be set down as the pests of society. They are generally people who have little to do, and who therefore philanthropically take charge of other folks' affairs. It a man is about to be married they are sure to be the first who learn the news from his wife; they toss over all his letters, to the color of her hair; and they generally profess to understand the arrangement before he or her neighbors' confidential concerns. Some of folks appear, indeed, as if the whole purpose of their existence was to find out other people's business, and make so much stir about it a day with their tongues as an honest man will take a week to rip. These consummate busybodies are about, prying into the affairs of their acquaintance like tax-gatherers taking an inventory of one's goods, disturbing everything they hear, sometimes from malice, sometimes from sheer forgetfulness, but always painfully and wofully to the parties concerned. We know people of this kind, who never tell anything as they hear it; yet who would be exceedingly indignant at being accused of falsehood.

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As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of money from country to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following extract from the regulations, by which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposits it, stating the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be signed by the Post Master, and he must also enter it in the Post Master's book, and preserve it in the Post Master Office.

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The letter containing the advice shall in future be sent to the person to whom the money is to be paid, and not delivered to such person until he shall have paid to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master shall not retain which I desire to let before the public. To my enterprise, I believe the latter stating the object of the money, the Post Master to the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, Philadelphia, September 15, 1845.

Received from Adam Halsey, two dollars for subscription to the Saturday Evening Post, Post Master.

The Post Master will observe the above form, which I have dedicated me per cent and charged myself with the same in my cash book as an account with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the money to the Publisher.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail no acknowledgment similar to the following is to be sent to the Post Master at Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, Mellon, Pa., September 15, 1845.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia

Sir—I have received a letter from John Halsey, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post." You will have the goodness to credit it to the accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Master, may remit as they transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, for May, is now on sale in all the cities. The present volume looks very spring like and charming. The leading embellishment is an engraving called "Spring Flowers," which is illustrated by a tale of chivalry from the pen of Mrs. Spencer. But it is the only embellishment in the number which is of the gem of the number. This plate gives the spirit, style, and the summer fashions in advance, and of the ladies—those who are desirous to be pretty the approaching season as in the engraving, they will be more beautiful than ever. We should think the publishers, with the accompanying letter-press remarks on the fashions, same to be in advance of the season, as they usually, especially if living in the country. The contents of this number are of a pretty present with the embellishments. Mrs. Stephens continues the "Tradesman's Bride," one of the most thrilling stories ever published in any periodical. Mrs. Sigourney contributes a beautiful little poem. Miss Florence Gray has a story entitled "The Mother," and the author of "Ernestine" a poem. "The Unwelcome Return," by Caroline Orne, is an excellent story. Altogether the number is better than are usually found in the Magazines, enrich the literature of the country, and "Godey's Lady's Book" is certainly newer, so unaffectedly simple, that against one usual practice, we make room for a letter.

THE HAUNTED HARPER.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

The harper he taketh his ancient harp
And wandereth the town street,
Where all day long, from morning till eve,
He plaideth every hour;
And his ancient wife she is by his side,
And lingereth ere he labored,
But leadeth him on like a little child,
For, alas! the harper is blind!

The harper he passeth from house to tone.
As he parcels the streets along,
And the boys and girls all gather around
To hear and listen to his song.
The small ones give him their pennies bright,
With a merry glance and kind,
And their hearts grow soft as they look in his face,
For, alas! he is blind!

The harper he toucheth his swinging strings
And playeth some ancient tune,
"Over the hills and the away,"
Or "The banks of Bonny Doon,"
And the old will smile as they clutched voice,
And its tones with the harp are joined,
Yet no one laughs at the pitiful song,
For the poor old harper is blind!

He gathers the coins in his withered hand
And goeth his weary way,
At the looks, that over their shoulders fall
In this and silvery streams!
Then on their bridge with a patient step
And a cheerful, contented mind—
Oh! a happier thing they are I ween,
Though the poor old harper is blind!

Now, who are ye that have never met
The wearied, wearied way,
With the tramping harp, and the trembling voice,
And the sad and weary look?
Should they cross your path in their daily haste,
Be gentle as ye would be kind,
And give them a tithe for charity's sake,
For the poor old harper is blind!

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. April 1846. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

This number is stored with valuable original communications, though with much more one on a ligature of the carotids, for a remarkable erectile tumor of the mouth, and one on Asiatic cholera. The summary of recent and current in medical science is very full. The Bibliographical Notices are comprehensive. The Quarterly Journal indeed, increases instead of diminishing in vigor, and ought to be in the hands of every medical practitioner in the country.

WEILAND; or the Transformation. By Charles Brockden Brown. 1 vol. Post 8vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. This is one of the best of Brown's novels. He has not to use a republication, in a cheap form, of one of the best of the fictions of Charles Brown, the pioneer of American romance, and certainly the equal of any of his successors. Peterson's publications have been cheap, but this must we hope now to see them in the hands of the public generally.

ELIZABETH BARRET. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston, 1846. This little story is one to show the power of religion in fashionable life. The author also incidentally defends religious fiction, and contends that the imagination was not given to any man in vain. The story is interesting, and is well told, with a moral tendency, may do more to sell than a bad sermon.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN SPAIN, from 1835 to 1840. By Fitz Mac. 1 vol. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore. 1846. This book is very agreeably written, from personal adventure. The author has merely collected from desultory though his entry hand, and did not consequently have in a truthfulness and graphic tone about his sketches of Spanish life.

THE WIDOW'S WALL; or the Mystery of Chase By Eugene Sue, 1 vol. This work has just been published in the city of New York, in a cheap form, with fine illustrations, and excellent print. We are indebted to T. B. Peterson, for a handsome copy for many of his week, who has it for sale, as well as every new Publication or news as issued from the Press.

THE CORRESPONDENT OF MARIA. By Eugene Sue. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1846. This novel is published in a cheap form, so as to be sold for two dollars each. It may be had as above, or at T. B. Peterson's, No. 98 Chestnut Street.

MARGUERITE OF VALOIS. By A. Dumas. 1 vol. Philadelphia: G. B. Appleton. 1846. This is an excellent translation of one of the last of Dumas's novels. Those who are fond of incidents, and delight in the latter will find the book exactly to their taste. Price 25 cents.

THE BULLETIN OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. April 1846. Philadelphia: Barrington & Haswell.—There is a curious account in this number of the application of galvanism to an accidental hemorrhage. The number also contains several other interesting articles.

D'AUBIGNE'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

We give place cheerfully to the following letter, which appeared originally in the Episcopal Recorder, of this city.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—On the 20th ult., an editorial article appeared in the "New York Observer," which is calculated to injure me personally, and as a publisher. I am aware that it is not usual for publishers to interfere in matters of this kind. The present case, however, is rendered peculiar, by the wide circulation of my name in connection with "D'Aubigne's History," and having been refused the privilege of replying in the New York Observer, I beg to be heard through your columns.

In the year 1840 and 1841, Mr. Robert Carter, of New York, published D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, in three volumes, at the price of $3 50, without any agreement with the author, or any participation with him in the profits of the work. He published it in foreign books are every where open to the interests

Selected Poetry.

THE STING OF DEATH.

BY HENRY HERBERT.

The feeble pulse—the gasping breath—
The clenched hand—the glazing eye;
Are these thy sting, dark, dreaded death?
Oh grave is this thy victory?

The mourners near the parting bed—
The wife—the children weeping nigh;
The dismal pageant of the dead—
These, these are not thy victory.

But from the much-loved world in part,
Our lost ascend—one spirit high;
All nature saddens at the heart,
While, dying, feels it does not die.

To dream through life, a goodly dream,
Of pride, and power, and luxury;
Till wakened by the nearer gleam
Of burning, lonesome agony.

To moan, o'er none, our angry King;
Whose love we cannot calendar by:
Let this, oh death, thy dealing sting!
Oh grave! and die thy victory!

Oh, thereafter of the eternal world
Who dares for awful man to die!
Restore us, o'er the spirit pen!
Nor give to hell the victory!

JAMES ELLSPOKER.

Bowl of Fun.

THE GREAT CURE-ALL.

We give below a letter from that facetious correspondent of Our Pinetown, Thomas Jones and our readers do not laugh heartily, we shall opine that they have no love for the ridiculous. The letter, by the bye, is an excellent satire on quack medicines:

Up the Creek, March 4th, '45.

My Dear Pa.—It's no long word to write, so you that I can't remember it, but we're all well, 'cept Caping Potter, who ketched cold 'nother day out diggin yeast to make his famous new medicine with, and I hope these few lines will find you enjoyin' the same God's blessin.' The old feller and I has been purty busy on hens, our garding's in spurts of some time, and if this glorious Republic don't get nationalized, wuss'n it ever has been, I'm purty sure, then I'll eat my hat.

As we've got everything near about ready to boot upon the world, in all its miraculous glory, I'll let the cat out of the bag, now, or at the pardner's request, we'll make room for the stupidyin' surprise that they'll have to undergo when I'm the Caping comes down on them with our new cure discovered medicine. "Medicine," did I call it?—it's the sequintessence of all the medicines that ever was heard on, mixt with a good many things that wasn't never discovered. Caping Potter's six times great-grandfather was raised over in England, and had a dream one night. He seen all the human people of the world crowdin round a hill that was about twenty feet high, and heard as if 'twas made by mankind. On top of the hill stood a little old gentleman with a stub nose, soft black eyes, benevolent face, and thin legs, and a wig on, and in his hand he held up a piece of parchment, and hollered as hard as he could, to try to make the world hear him, and he says: "This is the year 1645—the world has changed a good deal from what it used to was; some things is better and some is wuss; folks has got to dyin' in words of these last fifty years, but I've just dug this old parchment out of this little artyfishul hill, and it tells you how to make a lick'nd that will entirely prevent and cure *every case of dyfidity of brandish*, a sickness that many people dies of than all other sicknesses united, joined together and combined!" Then the people raised the most tremendiest hoorar that ever was heard on this earth, and shet off rockets, and stuck up millions of butiful flags, all striped starred with "red, white and blue," and the noise and bright sights was so overwhelmin that it waked Captain Potter's grandfather up, and he found himself layin side of the road, with his head kinder down in a ditch and the sun shinin in his face, and a flock of sheep running along by him bleatin and rattlin their bells. Well, he went hoomeward to tell his folks on a bender the night afore, and got a kettle right—and set down and painted a potter of his dream, and Caping Potter has got it now. On the flags shown that he dreamt of the United States, and the little hill was an Indian mound, and the man that stood on it was nobody else but Caping Potter's Potter, once of the Bay State, but now of Loyarner, for *this is a perfect potter* of him on the pinkin. Some years ago I'm for Caping was studyin it in the fields, and I see the old feller stop and look a good while at a mound. Jest as he got finished a dozen of neighbors was comin up, he jumped right up as much as three foot high, and cracked his heels together and hollered out, "*that's it, by the stacks of my six times great-grandfather!*"—and he run, full tilt, till he'd got on to the top.

Let no man approach this sacred spot," he hollered, as hard as he could. "De Captain ees dam feeby to-day," remarked one of the neighbors, kinder raisin up his shoulders with a hitch. The Caping sent a nigger full split to the house to bring a trunk that had his grandfather's picter in it, and when it came he didn't stop to unlock it, but he took it up just as you do a pumkin to break for the cattle, and smashed it onto the ground, and took out the picter and sent it to us, and then he took a position, and says he, "now, my friends, feel yo that picter, and when ee that's all sure and right, the word and the Caping was a perfeck picter of the picter! Of course, the parchment was fawed shet up in a stone box, lined with silver and berrid in the mound, and was taken out before witnesses, that has all sworn to it, but he didn't let nobody see what was writ on it. The recipe is dated A. D. 1745, which, of course, was a great while ago, and a few years since Columbus fust come over here. The writer says *at himself* that he was a kinned man that was fond of travellin, and knew a good deal bout curin and parbs—that he was the head doctor for some great Mogul in Asia, and that he had to runaway on account of bein a little to many for one of the King's wives, which made the Mogul so mad that he tried to ketch the doctor, to have his head cut off, but the woman helped him off in one of the palin rail boats, and that she put a bale of loof and lickor into the boat. He was hisself out to sea, and after undergoin a good deal of seasickness, he run aground, one dark night, on the shore of Calicbery, over West of here. So he beat Columbus, but then the poor feller couldn't get back again, as Columbus did. Afore he died he berried the parchment that now belongs to us, in the mound, and requested that there should be found to establish a Doctor's College on that very spot. The name of this wonderful lickwid is the strange language of

"*Hokus-kokus jukstaster, kinkipoxy-zodgee,*"

which translated, means

"*Terror of the King of Terrors, and Wind-pipe Allaying Perpetuator.*"

Well, as I've sed already, we've prepared a good deal of the Perpetuator for sale, and have got store's ten thousand stiffecates, from all parts of the country, to prove that the lickwid will prevent anybody's dyin with bein sick, or any pain or ache right time. It cures *every thing*, tew, that it was tried for—such as warts, broken necks, squinting, nose-bleed, measles, consumption, chicken pox, insanity, fallin of the palate, exempts females from pains of every description, cures teeth-ache, green-sickness, rheumatics, salt-rume, levercanagee, sore eyes, knockknees, bow-legs, tetchiness, nightmare, scarlet fever, hydrophoby, corns, bear agents, etc. etc. and so forth. The fust case we tried the Perpetuator on, was a very bad case. It was a nugger with a crookeder legs, that was so bad on him that it made folk's heads ache to look at him when he walked. He was sorry to be cured, for he said it was certain up the lickwid, and I got mad and throwed a bottle at his head. It hit him in the mouth. He had no teeth since that, but picked both mouth and on em, and he walkes as straight that he kinder bends over t'other way. Aint that cool? he continues *every body!* But let it stickleer though, and Caping Potter and I has got sutf'on 'em to know's dum all supposition and to satisfy the most credulous. Here is a sufferer now, that's hard to get over. It is from Mrs. Samon Spalding, wife of the Justice Cupplin of the Deacf and Dum Beach Artillery corps, *and my sister-in-law.* Just read, believe and wonder, *and buy the Perpetuator.*

Dear Cow Heens, Rez Stump, } Sunday, 1st, 1845.

Dear Darding—I wish you happy New Year, and take my pen in hopens you find the mail of lickwid hot sent, and that all the folks is well, and I've rubbled some on it into my own sais-in that I hav'nt fallin down on the ice day 'fore yesterday, and it is a good deal better than ever it was afore in my life. I'm egoin' to rub a little on t'other noble to make it so strong as the one I've cured. Simon's poor old grandmother, that has been bedded now goin on over twenty year, took hoff of the vial t'other day, to smell on, and she hadn't no sooner tetched her nose to it fore she cried out for joy and jumped out of bed and begin to dance a single jig. She's a great deal better now than she ever was afore in her chonk of life, and I'm glad 'what you want to know, Tom can do it' and you can send for some by the next letter.

Your lovin' sister,

RUTH SPALDIN.

Assignation Septy, Rayon Cottyge, } March 1st, 1846.

Mistress Peterson & Jones: Jest received (Sunday) by McSnaggy gin a box'd of a blow under the eye last night, and then stomped the breath out of my body entirely, and then kicked me till I couldn't breathe. Happening to have a bottle of the Perpetuator in my pocket, it got broke in the fight, and leaked three ass sizes, and no sooner did I fetch the skin on the inside of my mouth, than I jumped up and gin Jolly the d—dest whipper that ever has been sold at. His eye was so black and up that he couldn't see daylight; so I urged my hand full around where I was stacked with the lickwid, and the swelling went down at once. He said he was a terrible cross-eyed, but looks as strait as a shingle now.

Your stout friend,

JAMES ELLSPOKER.

Pleasureville, March 3d, 1846.

Col. Farmer Jones: *Sir*—I have tried the Perpetuator which you left with me for sale, and so has the other day. The French sutler that is so much talked of now-a-days, as well as Bonaparte's pills, the Emperor Nicholas, &c., &c., that are so popular, must now hide their diminished heads, for the Perpetuator is more effective than all of them combined—indeed, I believe that nothing short of divine assistance could have led to so important a discovery. I feel satisfied now, that the country is safe. I gave one swallow to my cat this morning for a bad of twelve years, and he spoke the truth immediately—a thing he has not done before for five years. My wife became very angry, yesterday, because the servant let her my house go in the dewse-garden. I sprinkled a few drops on the Perpetuator over her, and she became instantly as gentle as a turtle dove.

Your grateful friend,

FATHER OF A FAMILY.

But I haint got room for no more. I send you a bottle of the Perpetuator, and hope you'll tell your readers what you think about it. I guess 'twould be fust rate to grease the wheels of our State Government with, and you'd better try some on the Legislature. Your friend till dead,

PARDON JONES.

LOOK WITHOUT WINKING.

The Magnetic Telegraph is causing great excitement throughout the country amongst the rural population, of whom many anecdotes are told. We have the following from a correspondent:

Last week, we are informed, a young genius from the northern section, who had spent his time with his agricultural retirement by the vague reports of the wonderful lightning despatch, walked into the rail road office in this village in a hurry, and said the new telegraph would be along?" Some mischievous boys, seeing a chance for sport, gravely informed him that it was about time for it, but that he would have to look sharp to see it, it went by so quick, assigned him a station on a wood pile, and directed him to look sharp, and keep a direct look between the two of the posts. Our philosopher obeyed instructions, and shivering in the wind for an hour or less, began to lose patience in vacancy and his head slowly revolving from "pole to pole," to the no small amusement of the bystanders. He patience at last gave way, and with much indignation, he exclaimed:

"Gully, I believe that are telegraph am a humbug."

"Humbug! sir. Why, what has give you that impression of it?" said one of the fellers from the bell; "did you not see it?"

"See it; he darn'd! There hasn't nothin' passed between them posts, no how."

"Most certainly there has. You must have winked, or you'd have seen it passing for as it mapped past about five minutes ago."

"Wal, I did wink waase," said our hero, "but I winked as little as I could." Such a thought cut? And the poor fellow returned home disappointed, resolving that the next time he would look without winking.

Select Tales.

EVENING HOURS.

Mr. Grawson's Story.

Where, how the wind blows this evening, and how cold it is. These blustering nights make one feel the comforts of home and a happy fire-side. How many poor wretches have no covering for their head to-night. Caroline," said I, "ought we not to be extremely thankful?" And the wind whistled a wilder tone, and Aunt Hannah, hitching her chair still nearer the fire, as if to see the better her knitting, as she did the fast dropped in it, gently declared it was a dreadful time for poor sailors. "Poor things!" said she, "ain't it a wonder they don't all perish?"

It is a mercy of the Lord," said Mr. Grawson, "that we have a home to enjoy on a day, food and comforts, and good *friends*, which every body hasn't got."

It is indeed," said I, "but how little we think of it."

I never hear the wind driving so furiously, and but the latter cold seizing into the very flesh, without thinking of poor Mrs. Manley, that was," said Mr. Grawson, "though it is now many years since she died. It was such a night as this that I saw her, only the snow flew so, one could scarcely see the road. It was but a boy then, but I remember it well enough. 'twas a hard time for her, and she had seen many a hard time before, but she never had one like that. She gave her the hundred fold in this present time."

Who was she?" asked Caroline, closing the book she held in her hand.

I never shall forget Mrs. Manley," said the old man.

Tell us all about her," said I. "it may do us good."

Do tell us," said Aunt Hannah, looking benchingly over her spectacles at Mr. Grawson. Aunt Hannah loved a white lie as much as she used to sit by a good fire on a cold windy winter night.

It was a great many years ago, said Mr. Grawson, my mother lived in a little cottage where I was born, and where my parents lived and died very poor, with a son older than myself, and a daughter younger. It was hard work to get along, but we did manage to live, and were happy, and we were comfortable. Every night she would get the old Bible and read a chapter to us, explaining it as she read, then kneel down and pray for us, and for the rich blessings He gave us. So you see we began better though poor. I was only two years old at this time, yet I had learned to be grateful for mercies, and to pray those who hadn't them.

About a quarter of a mile up the road from our house, just the other side of the old orchard, stood Mr. Farwell's house, and a beautiful one it was. There lived a white lawn of it, and a Dutch person, as he gave out the morning hymn.

"There are not so many in the book," responded the chorister.

Well, then, plenish to sing so many as tare he."

Choice Poem.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

BY MRS E. L. SCHEMMERHORN.

Oh! carrier dove, spread not thy wing,
Then hasten quickly to and fro!
To waking eyes and hearts to bring
The tidings thou were wont to bear.

Urge not the flying courser's speed,
Give not this rock the lessened race,
Nor bid his panting heart to bleed,
As swift he thunders o'er the place.

Touch but the magic wire, and lo!
Thy message comes with lightning shock,
And swifter far than wind can blow,
Is sped the rapid answer back.

The rage was now of the changing's blaze,
Till, stooping from the summer cloud,
It pierced and rested, as fame says,
By Fame in trumpeted aloud.

And soon she has a lofty mood
For him who bears the swift sweeps reach,
To language gives the lightning's speed,
And wings with fire each winged word.

The dwellers on the Atlantic shore
A word may kindle, and, swift as light,
Where far Pacific waters roar,
That word speaks in with magic flight.

Thoughts forcibly kindling in the mind,
And words the echoes of the soul,
Borne on so wiry pinions, bind
Hearts scattered far as pole from pole.

As flashes o'er the summer skies
The lightning's blaze from east to west,
Or'er earth the burning fluid flies,
Winged by a mortal's proud behest.

Though fanning cherubs bar the gate,
Since man or loving grave no more,
He seems again to walk the face
That dawns him first from Paradise!

A Golden Poem.

THE PASSING BELL.

BY MISS JACOBS.

The fire bell recently hung at the summit of a high spot or pole, sounded all night in the possess of the town. It seemed to me a fund for those purchasing on the coast.

Listen! what sounds are those
Upon the midnight breeze
Borne to and fro?
From out some lofty bell
A soft and solemn knell
Trembles below.
Toll for old slave.

Within the sandy ship,
It every sandy lip
Pallid with fear,
As on our rocky shore
The pitching surges roar,
Drifting them near.
—Toll long and dear.

Wan is a sailor dying,
When in deep chamber lying,
Death the stone fell;
Or was their mortal breath
As slower pray to Death?
Death conquers well.
—Toll lonelily, bell.

Toll of their spirit's pain
When rising through the brain,
Bath rolled the past.
The scene unrolled them record,
The tide of memory poured
Her waves as vast.
—Toll her and fast.

Methinks their bosoms knew,
One thought when whose fervor glow
Death cannot chill;
A loving mate, a mother,
A yearning anguish come
Each heart to thrill.
—Toll high and shrill.

What woman's gentle life
Lost in the whirlwind's strife!
Oh! let one weep!
Cold pillow for her head,
Rude place for her last bed,
For her to sleep.
—Toll her and deep.

Ah! shall a helpless child
Stain in these waters wild?
Can Heaven smile?
The seas in eager rage
Sweep o'er the swelling face,
Smiling even yet.
—Toll her and sweet.

Oh! the despairing souls
The death cold waters rolls;
Now dark as night,
None cares for any other.
God help each human brother,
Dying alone.
—Toll, bell—toll on.

So rolled the bell all night,
Rocked in its airy height,
Tolled for the dead.
With morn the sound was past,
On the departing blast
Dying away.
—Bell—far away.

* * * * * *

Hereafter is my thought
This truth is deeply wrought,
Time flies apace.
Soon will the bell toll me,
Soon will the grave receive me,
Wa' ster wa'.
—Toll, very low.
—Toll, bell, again.

Scenes from Life.

THE YOUNG SAVOYARD.

A Paris correspondent of the Courier des Etats Unis relates an anecdote of Mr. M——, a rich but eccentric individual in Paris. He resides in a splendid mansion, and his income is said to be hundred and fifty thousand livres. He was careful to preserve his principal untouched, but was in the habit of spending half his interest. His ordinary expenses were managed with method and economy—but the amount which he disposed of in charities was quite large—and in this way he had a considerable sum to be expended in any emergencies which might occur. Consequently he was free from the harrassment in getting rid of this reserved fund.

Not long since, he found he had on hand one thousand crowns, which he was anxious to dispose of. While he was debating with himself how he should expend it, one of the chimneys of his hotel took fire. So also when the—the fourteen tons first called —afterwards the chimney-sweeps, to sweep the other chimneys. Among them was a little beggar-looking lad, a native of Savoy, among the loftiest Alpine mountains) who, ragged and soiled as he was with soot, gaily sung his song. Mr. M——— regarded him with interest. The song was amusing, and caused him to smile—and his heart warmed towards the little sweep.

"My little friend," said Mr. M———, "I think I must make you a new year's present."

It may be a present very good to—replied the Savoyard, showing two noble tiers of polished ivories,—I shall be pleased to receive it."

"Yes, sir, I am perfectly happy," continued Mr. M———, "you sing in excellent spirits. You are of course contented with your condition."

Yes, sir, I am contented. I have gained so much better contented if I could have remained in my own country, with my dear mother and sisters."

And what kindness you from embracing?"

"Oh," said the little sweep, "it is very easy to get on in Paris. I—I—cannot speak better of the chimney-sweeping until I have made a fortune."

"How! a fortune! How is that!

"Why, sir, I have now two thousand francs."

"Yes, and more—I will give you three thousand, and four master—and bring him here."

The master was found, the whole matter was arranged, and the bright little Savoyard, weeping for joy, and clad in neat and appropriate costume, departed the next day for his native mountains to embrace his mother, and carry happiness into her humble cottage.

PASSAGE IN HUMAN LIFE.

BY WM. HOWITT.

In my daily walks into the country, I was accustomed to pass a certain cottage. It was no cottage of romance. Nothing particularly poetic or rescue about it. It had its little garden, and its vine spreading over its front, but beyond these it possessed no feature that led it in the mood of a poet, or a novel writer, and which might induce him to people it with beings of his own fancy. In fact, it appeared to be a little world within a little sea, tranquillity as timid. A good man of the house it might possess, but he was never visible. The only inmates I ever saw, were a young woman, and another female in the wane of life, no doubt the mother.

The damsel was a comely, fresh, mild-looking girl enough, always seated in one spot, near the window, intent on her work. The old dame was also as regularly busied, to and fro, in household affairs. She appeared one of those good house-wives who never dream of rest except in sleep. The cottage stood so near the road, that the fire at the farther end of the roomed show you, without being rude, by inquisitive, the whole interior, in the single moment of passing. A clean hearth and a cheerful fire shining upon homely, but neat and orderly furniture, but whether the dame enjoyed, or only differed the comfort was a problem.

I passed the house many successive days. It was always alike; the fire shining brightly and cheerfully, the girl seated at her post by the window, the housewife going to and fro, catering and contriving, dusting and managing. One morning as I went by, there was a change; the dame was seated near her daughter, her arms laid upon the table, and her head reclined upon her arms. I was sure that it was sickness which had compelled her to that attitude of repose; nothing less could have done it. I felt that I likewise exactly knew the young female. She had felt a weariness stealing upon her, and bore up, hoping it would pass by, till touch as she was to yield, it had forced her to succumb.

The next day, when I passed, the room appeared as usual; the fire burned pleasantly, the girl at her needle, but her mother's chair was there, and glancing my eyes upwards, I perceived the blind close drawn in the window above. It is so, I said to myself, disease is in its progress. Perhaps it occasions no gloomy fear of consequence, no extreme concern, and yet there is many a sigh mak' It is thus that begin those changes that drawout the central bolt that holds together families; which steal away our loveliest flow, and lay waste set of sections.

I passed by, day after day—the scene was the same; the fire burning; the girl working, clear and cheerful, but the mother was not to be seen—the blind was drawn above. At length I missed the girl; and in her place appeared another woman, bearing considerable resemblance to the mother, but of a younger cast. It was easy to interpret this change. Disease had assumed an alarming aspect; the daughter was occupied in intense watching, and caring for the beloved object, and the good woman's sister had been summoned to her bedside, perhaps from her family cares, which as less important an event could better dispense with.

Thus appearances continued some days. There was a silence around the house, an air of neglect within it; the fire was not bright, the blind was drawn in the room below, and the window thrown open above. The scene was—the mother was removed from her bed-room to the parlor—great changes effected in human life, which commence with so little observation, and leave behind them such lasting effects.

Juvenile Department

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 59 letters.
My 8, 5, 6, 3, 4, is a star of the Pleiades.
My 1, 10, 2, 5, 13, is one of the asteroids.
My 31, 15, 16, 27, 53, is one of the satellites.
My 11, 9, 20, 21, 13, 24, 14, is one of the constellations of the zodiac.
My 32, 13, 36, 16, 6, is a star of the first magnitude in the constellation Orion.
My 1, 52, 17, is one of the variable stars in the constellation Cygnus Augustus.
My 16, 6, 1, 22, 8, 9, is a star of the fourth magnitude in the constellation Hesse.
My 18, 11, 28, 51, 15, 13, 36, 35, is the name of one of Bootes.
My 8, 6, 15, 17, 6, 18, is a star of the first magnitude in Lyra.
My 13, 16, 36, 18, is a star of the first magnitude in Lyra.
My 35, 34, is an alphabetical name assigned to stars of the sixteenth magnitude.
My 14, 31, 13, 28, 59, is one of the constellations
My whole is the name of a highly accomplished and beautiful lady on Deer Creek, Harford county, Md.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA OF LAST WEEK.
General Nathaniel Greene.
Substance—Grant, Elbe, Noble, Essex, Raber, Alien, Lore, Napoleon, Alton, Ural, Ursa, Ursa Major, Lizard, Orange, Negro, Ani, Fossil, Allegan, Rouse, Tell, Rose.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.
Sea of Kamschatka. A. D.

Ladies' Boudoir.

THE FRIEND OF OUR DARKER DAYS

BY FRANCES BROWN.

'Twas said, when the earth was fresh and young,
That the friends of earth were few;
And stones have blazed, and harps have rung,
For more than a thousand years,
And so, when the farrowing tracks of Time
Lie deep on the old world's brow,
The faith so prized in her early prime
Shall not have fled from it now!

It may be loved—like the aloe's bloom
In the depth of western woods,
To which a heather's purple hue is poor,
Yet wake not its sentry lords—
But if, through the mists of wintry skies,
It shines on their weary way,
What star in the summer heavens will vie
With the gem of the desert's day?

We know of several cottages in Somerset county which have been painted for the outside with common mortar, and which makes a neat and durable covering. They look well made and well put on.—*Maine Farmer.*

[☞ We think favorably of the practice of plastering instead of clapboarding. We have had some trial of it and think it economical. Clapboards are costly, and they need painting once in five years to prevent their growing rusty. Plastering may be white-washed yearly at half the cost of one painting.

Plastering is an old mode of covering the outside of buildings, and it does not require the presence or aid of preparing the mortar in a proper manner.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

CORN CULTURE.

BY A PANTUCKET PLANTER

Maize, or corn, is the great staple of this country—it is invaluable as food for man and beast. It would be idle for me to talk of the various uses this kind of grain is subjected to, or the many various modes in which it is served up by the ingenuity of American housewives, or the different ways the farmer employs it for his feeding. Suffice it to say, that it is of more value to the hard working country, with no wholesome, so cheap, so abundant an element, which can be had in such large quantities from the soil, and which may be said to produce both bread and meat in plenty, for all standard of necessary. If there was more demand for it, double the present amount would be raised, and as it is, (worth not more than forty or forty-five cents per bushel) it costs on an average about 500,000,000 bushels of this grain grown in the Union per annum.

There are many mysteries connected with corn. None better than others according to seed and climate. In Maryland the most productive kinds are the large tall yellow corn, some of which I have grown that measured ten and three quarter inches in circumference, with thirty-two rows on an ear, and some that measured eight inches in circumference, but not commonly grow two ears. The Baden corn is the smallest, having a number of ears to a stalk, and the smallness of the cob—the ears are small and the corn light yet it yielded very abundantly. The Tuscarora corn is also small, and has as many as fourteen ears on a hill. There are other varieties of white corn, which are very fine, and produce large ears, the large eared flint corn, and the eight rowed white. Careful selection of seed has produced numerous excellent varieties.

The manner of cultivating corn that I prefer is to plough the land intended for corn as early in the winter as possible, and plough it at least seven inches deep, harrowing with the subsoil plough in all where it has been cultivated before. Then mark off in two or three feet planes, put on either before you plant, or after the corn is planted, a heavy good stout cart loads of manure, which if properly composted may be long, unrotted manure. Then harrow well, and plant your corn. The best manure should be applied to the hills of corn by either the general influence of spring, when it each way by furrows of the plow at right angles to the rows. Then run the big harrow over the hills of corn by either 15 feet by 6, or four feet each way. Plant your corn with the hoe, and put from a peck to a half bushel of ashes or lime over your field, and when the corn begins to come up, if you can, put a handful of that mixture upon each hill. I prefer a handful of salt, 3 handfuls of ashes or Peruvian guano, and a half bushel of Plaster—before the corn is planted. Some farmers have been successful in using unslaked lime, in which water, two pounds of saltpetre for every three gallons of warm water should have been dissolved. As soon as the corn gets hand high, let it be worked with the cultivator, and replanted, and thinned down to two stalks in a hill, at the same time the hands can uncover any which the cultivator may have covered up. As soon as this is done, sow broad cast two bushels of Plaster per acre over it, then work it deep with good cultivators, every week until it begins to tassel generally. The hoes should pass over it once, to chop up any weeds or bushes the cultivator might leave. *Let the ground be thoroughly prepared before you plant, and afterwards never let a plow appear in your whole field.* I would not advise the removal of suckers. I would enlarge in argument to support these views, but will content myself with two extracts from Agricultural Reports, that set forth my views better than perhaps I could myself express them, and one giving an astonishing fact as proof of their deductions being clearly correct.

About the time corn is maturing, brace roots shoot out from the joints near the surface of the earth. These roots often strike deep into the earth, affording both nourishment and support to the plant —if a higher hill has been made, these roots shoot out higher upon the stalk, where it is brittle, and likely to be snapped off by the first high wind. If there be little or no hilling, the roots will bend and yield to the storm, and rise again, having sustained little or no injury. This would particularly be the case where the soil is very fertile and highly cultivated.

"Well grown corn has from forty to sixty large roots extending